

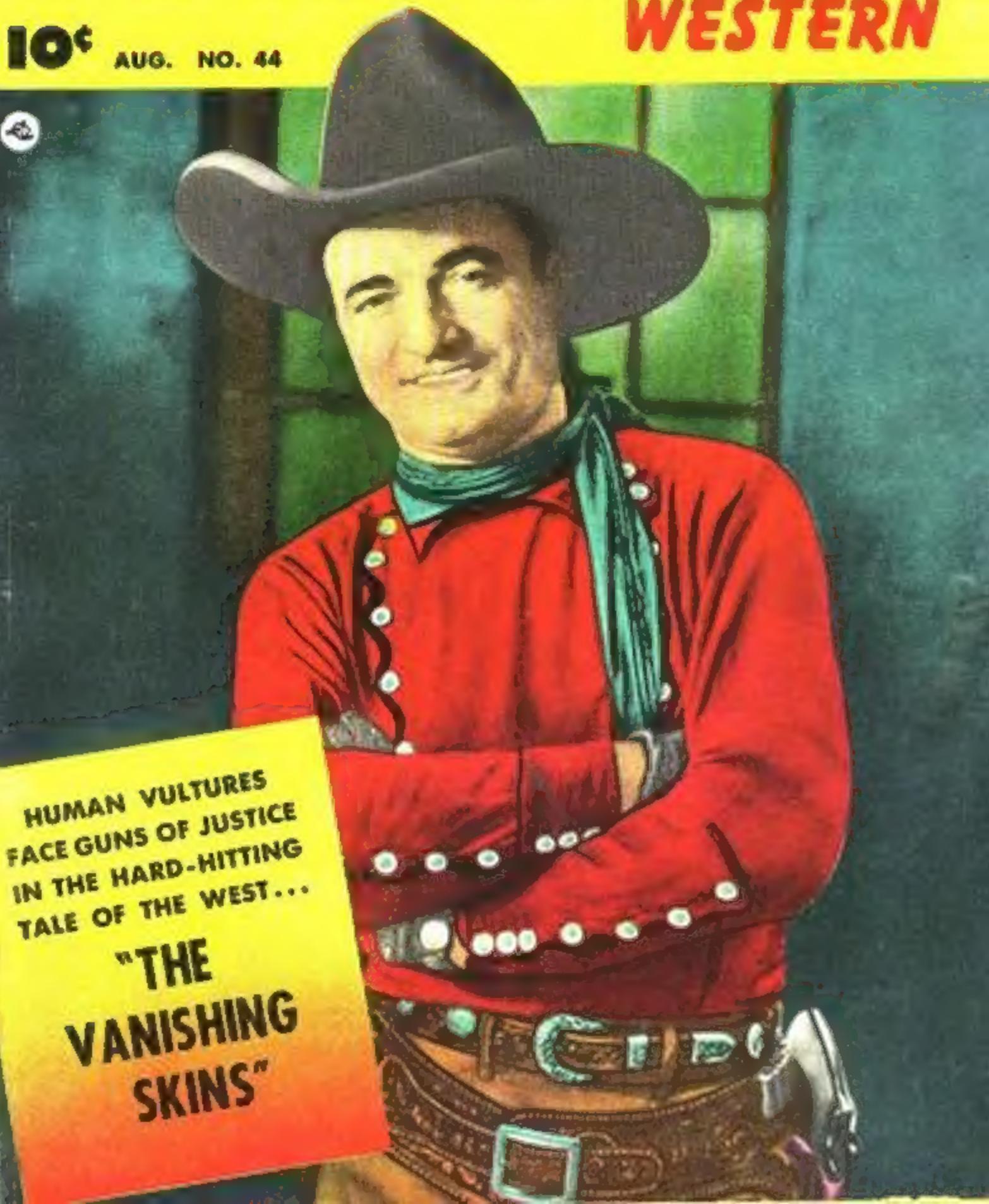
A Fawcett Publication

TOM MIX

WESTERN

10¢

AUG. NO. 44



HUMAN VULTURES
FACE GUNS OF JUSTICE
IN THE HARD-HITTING
TALE OF THE WEST...

**"THE
VANISHING
SKINS"**

TOM MIX WESTERN

TOM MIX WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
M. SHULL

Art Editor
AL JETTER

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TOM MIX

and THE BAFFLING ROBBERIES

FASTER, TONY!
IT LOOKS AS IF A RIOT
IS GOING ON!

ONE MORNING,
AS TOM MIX RIDES DOWN
THE MAIN STREET OF DOBIE...

I'M ONLY GOING TO BE IN
DOBIE A FEW DAYS SO THOSE
OF YOU WHO WISH TO BUY
ONE OF THESE RARE
PERSIAN RUGS HAD
BETTER DO SO
RIGHT AWAY!

WHY, IT'S ONLY A
SALESMAN PEDDLING
RUGS! BUT YOU CAN'T
BLAME THE LADIES FOR
GETTING EXCITED
OVER A SALE!

THESE RUGS ARE VERY
EXPENSIVE, BUT THEY'RE
THE BEST RUGS IN
THE WORLD!

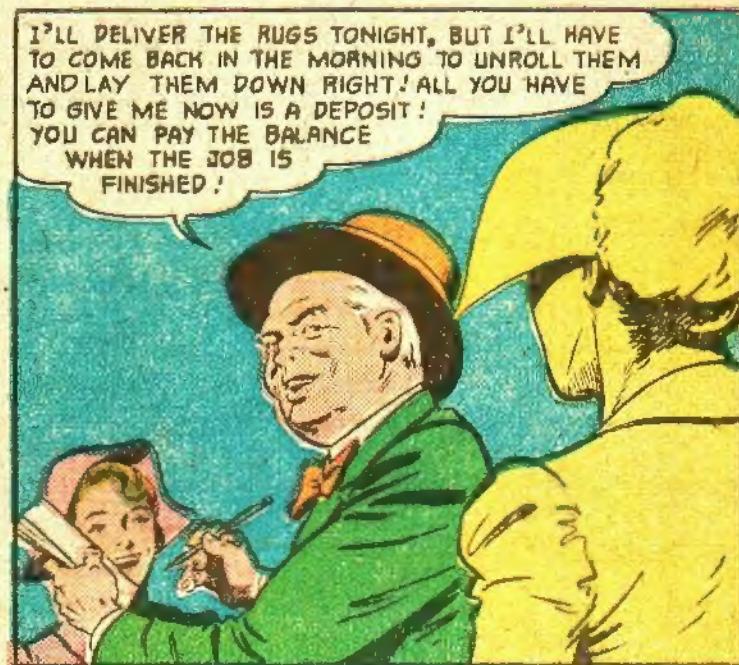
I'LL TAKE THE
BLUE ONE!

I WANT A
RED ONE!



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TOM MIX WESTERN



TOM MIX WESTERN

AS TOM REACHES THE JAILHOUSE.....

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE HELPING OUT WHILE SHERIFF SHAW IS GONE, TOM, SO YOU'RE JUST THE ONE I WANT TO SEE!



I WANT YOU TO COME OUT TO MY RANCH! IT WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT!

GREAT GUNS! YOUR RANCH, TOO?



AT THE WATKINS RANCH.....

IT'S JUST LIKE AT MRS. BARNETT'S---NOT A CLUE OR A SIGN OF HOW THE BANDIT GAINED ENTRANCE!



THERE IS ONE POSITIVE THING ALIKE AT BOTH YOUR RANCHES! YOU BOTH ORDERED NEW RUGS WHICH, SINCE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN PUT DOWN YET, EVIDENTLY WERE DELIVERED YESTERDAY!

LAST NIGHT TO BE EXACT! YOU DON'T SUSPECT THE RUG MERCHANT?



EVERYONE WHO WAS HERE IS A POSSIBLE SUSPECT! WHEN HE BROUGHT IN THE RUG, DID YOU BY ANY CHANCE LEAVE HIM ALONE HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES?

NO! WHY?

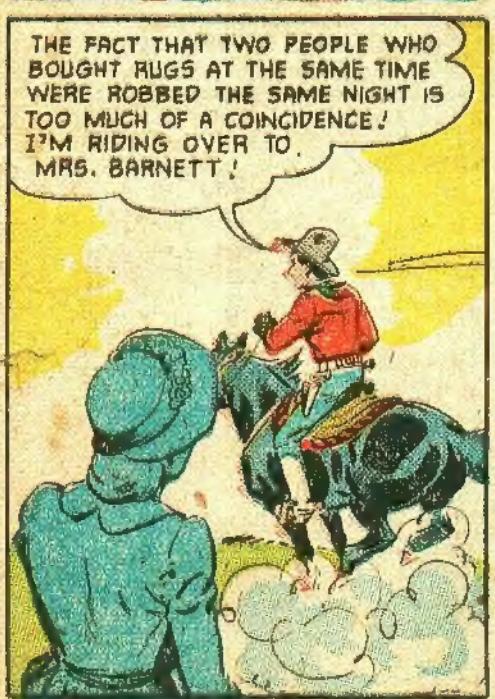


I THOUGHT PERHAPS IF HE WERE LEFT ALONE HE MIGHT HAVE UNBOLTED A WINDOW SO HE COULD SNEAK BACK IN DURING THE NIGHT! BUT SINCE YOU SAY YOU DIDN'T, THAT LEAVES THAT OUT!

WHAT NOW, TOM?



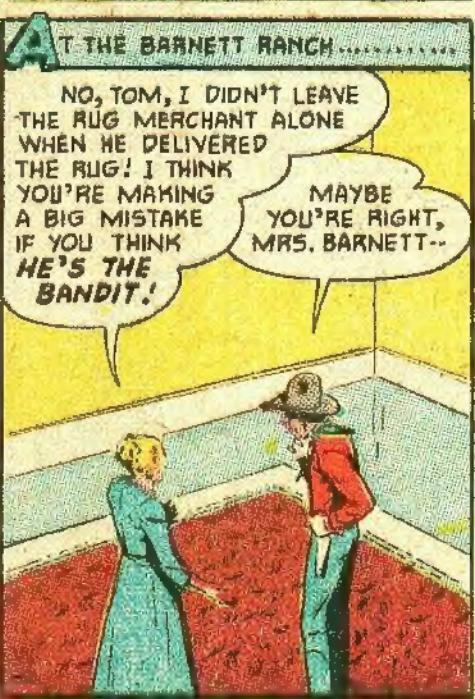
THE FACT THAT TWO PEOPLE WHO BOUGHT RUGS AT THE SAME TIME WERE ROBBED THE SAME NIGHT IS TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE! I'M RIDING OVER TO MRS. BARNETT!



AT THE BARNETT RANCH.....

NO, TOM, I DIDN'T LEAVE THE RUG MERCHANT ALONE WHEN HE DELIVERED THE RUG! I THINK YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE IF YOU THINK HE'S THE BANDIT!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. BARNETT--



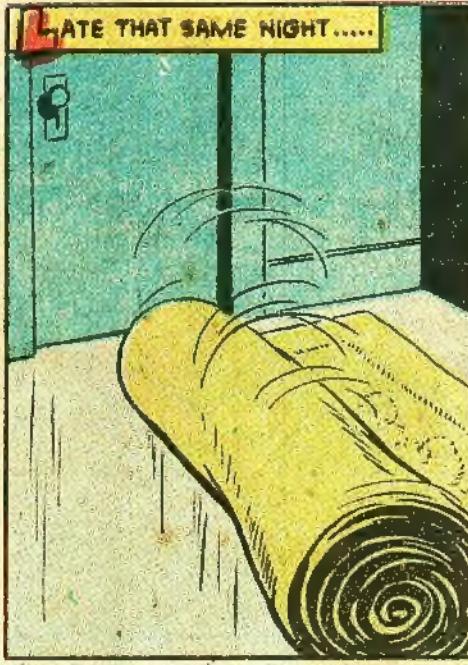
--BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME, UNTIL I FIND A BETTER LEAD, HE'S THE ONE TO WATCH!



TOM MIX WESTERN

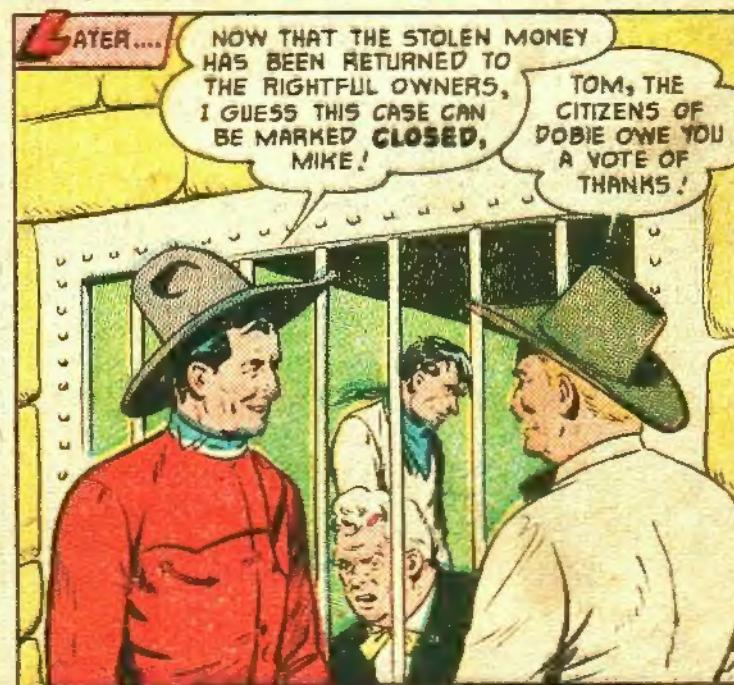


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TOM MIX WESTERN

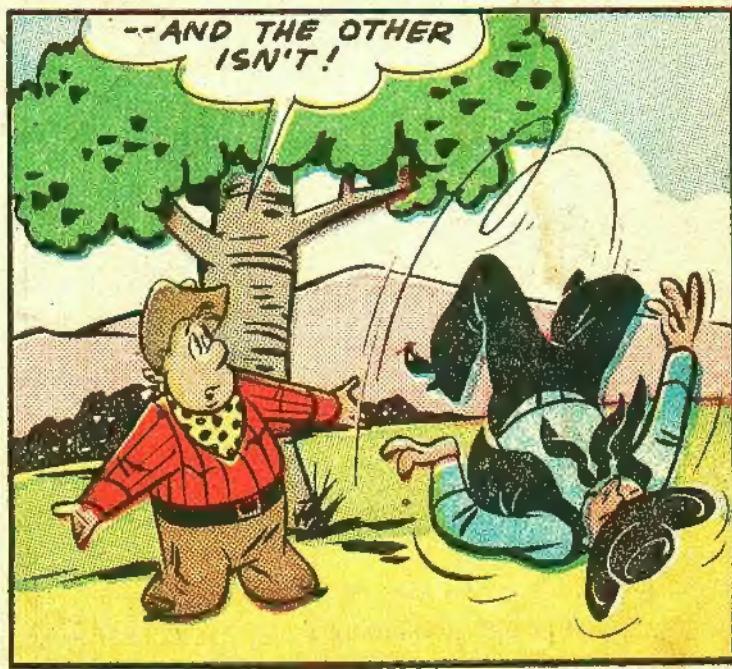


SADDLE-HEAD

NOT MUSICAL!

HEY, SADDLEHEAD,
COME HYAR!

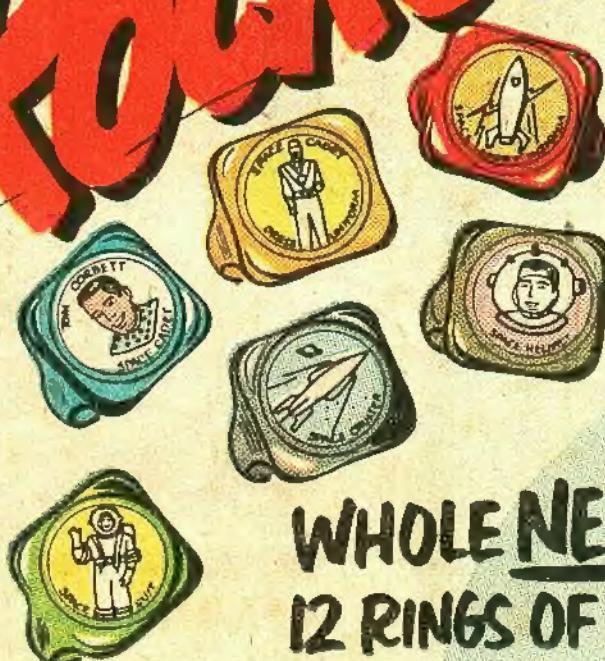
THE BOSS IS CALLING
ME! I WONDER WHAT
HE WANTS!



Boys! Girls!

FREE! at no extra cost! Plastic

Rocket Rings



WHOLE NEW SERIES!
12 RINGS OF THE FUTURE

- Space Cruiser
- Rocket Scout
- Tom Corbett, Space Cadet
- Space Cadet Dress Uniform
- Space Suit
- Girl's Space Uniform

- Space Helmet
- Parallo-Ray Gun
- Sound Ray Gun
- Strato-Telescope
- Space Cadet Insignia
- Space Academy

ONE IN EVERY
BOX OF PEP!

6 Different
Colors!

Wear 'em!
Collect 'em!
Swap 'em!

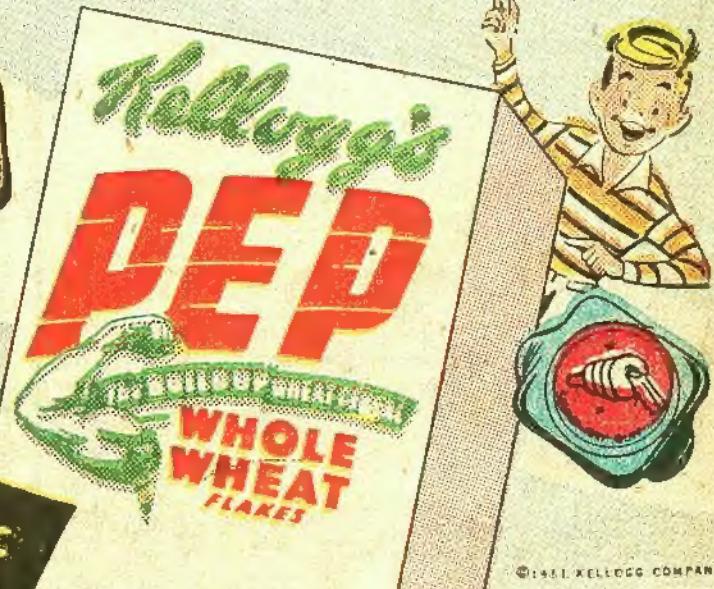
NO MONEY! NO WAITING! NO BOX TOPS!

Just open a box of delicious Kellogg's PEP and there's your prize! A beautiful bright-colored genuine plastic ring with "space-era" picture on top! Fits any finger. Don't wait! Get a box of PEP—the "build-up" wheat cereal today.

Watch for entirely new prizes—coming soon!

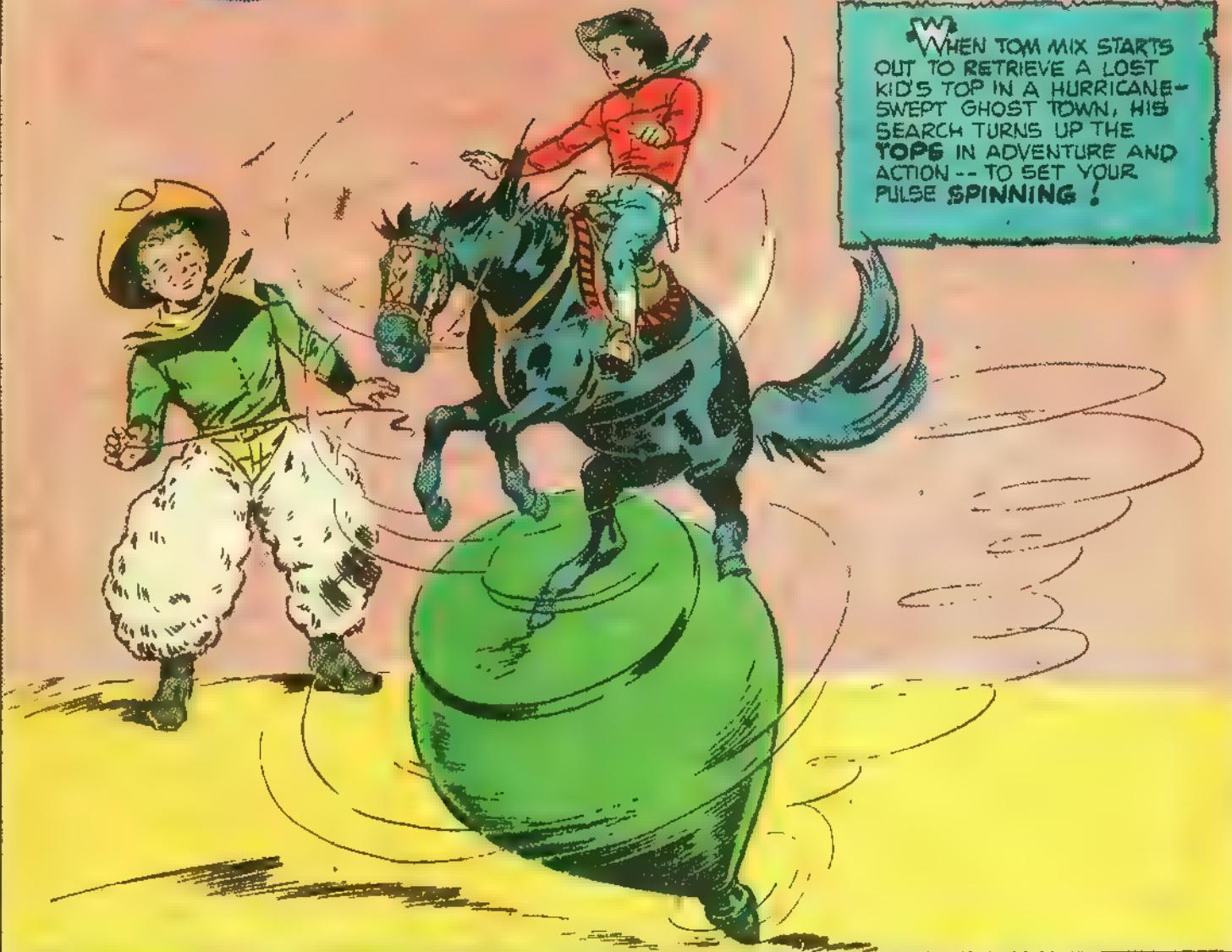
ONE IN EVERY BOX OF

ACTUAL SIZE OF RING

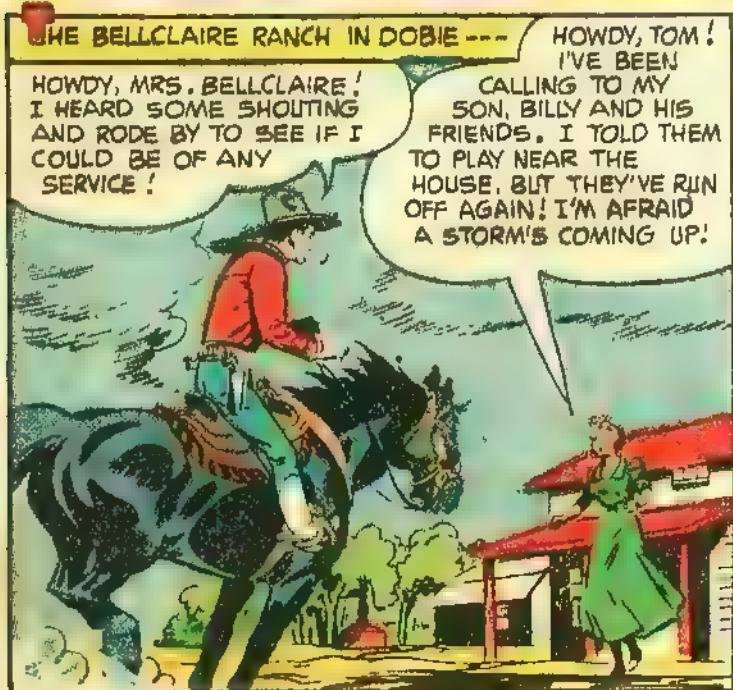


TOM MIX

and
The Promise!



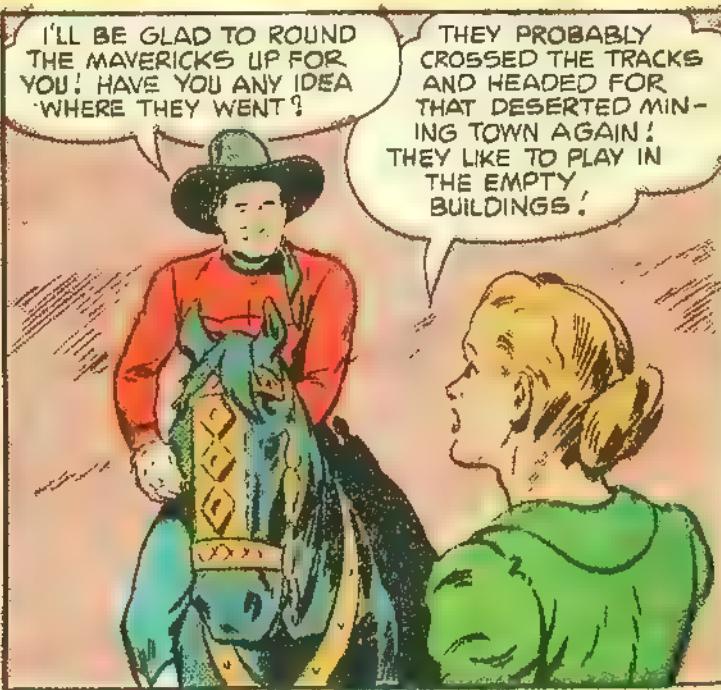
WHEN TOM MIX STARTS OUT TO RETRIEVE A LOST KID'S TOP IN A HURRICANE-SWEPT GHOST TOWN, HIS SEARCH TURNS UP THE TOPS IN ADVENTURE AND ACTION -- TO SET YOUR PULSE SPINNING!



THE BELLCLAIRE RANCH IN DOBIE ---

HOWDY, MRS. BELLCLAIRE! I HEARD SOME SHOUTING AND RODE BY TO SEE IF I COULD BE OF ANY SERVICE!

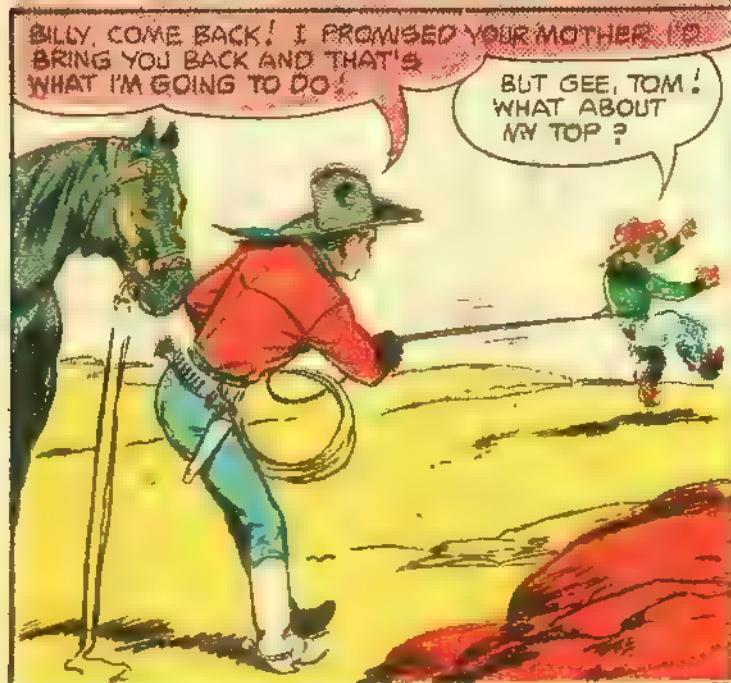
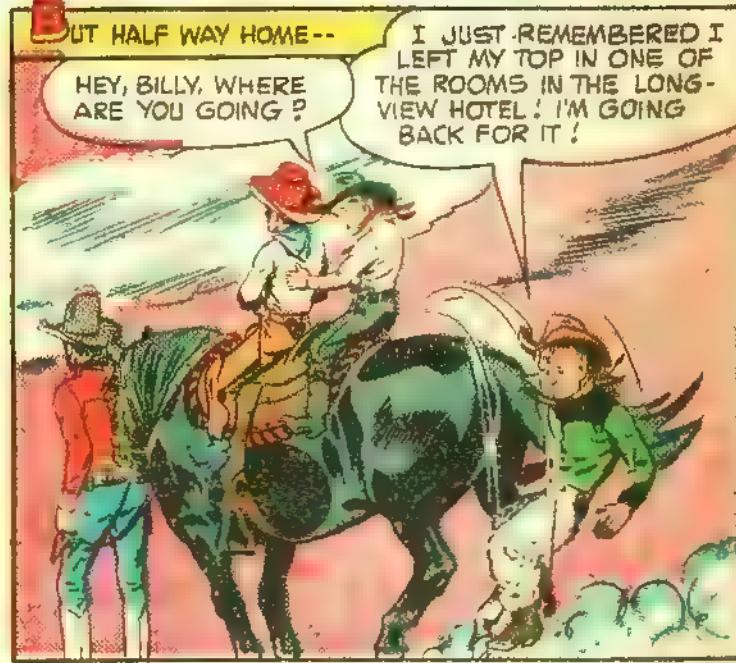
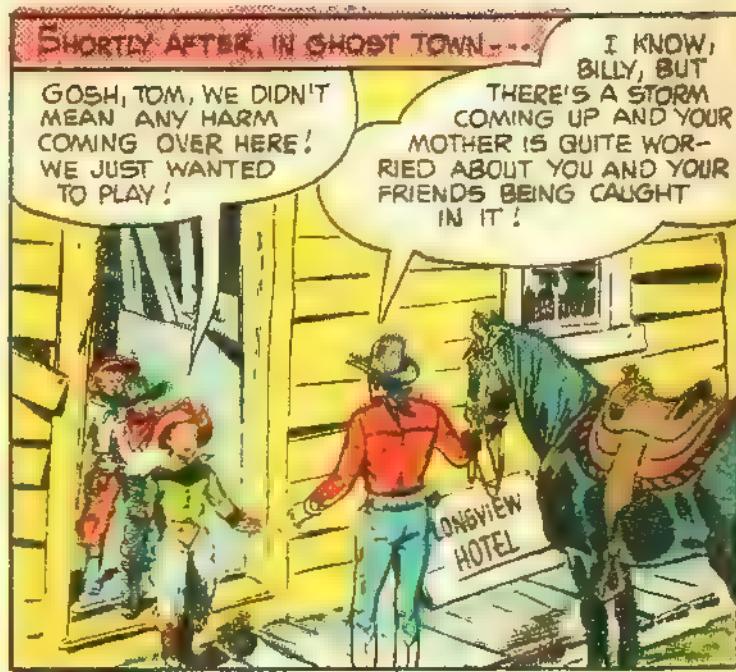
HOWDY, TOM! I'VE BEEN CALLING TO MY SON, BILLY AND HIS FRIENDS. I TOLD THEM TO PLAY NEAR THE HOUSE, BUT THEY'VE RUN OFF AGAIN! I'M AFRAID A STORM'S COMING UP!



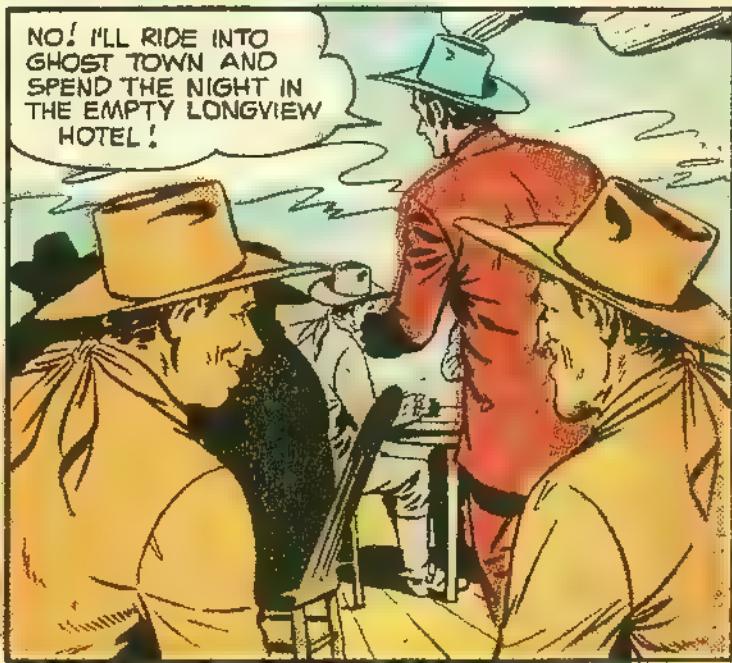
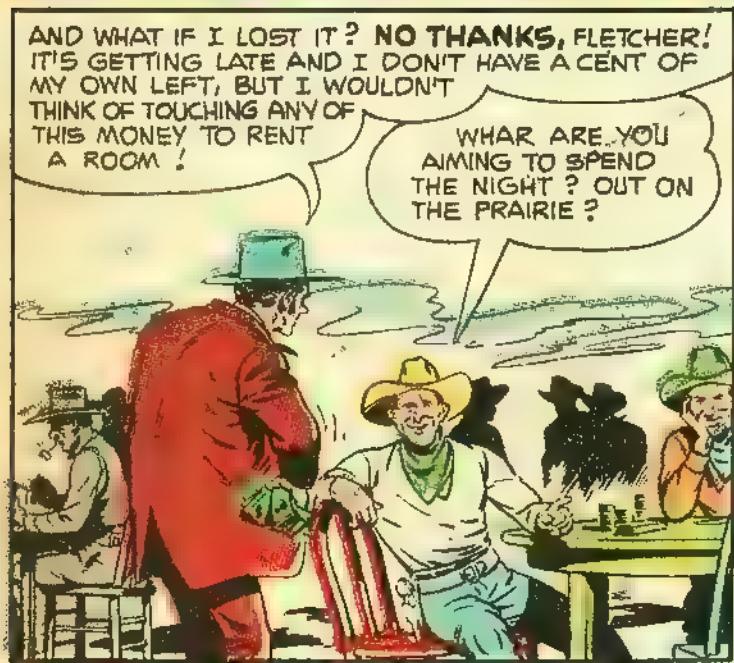
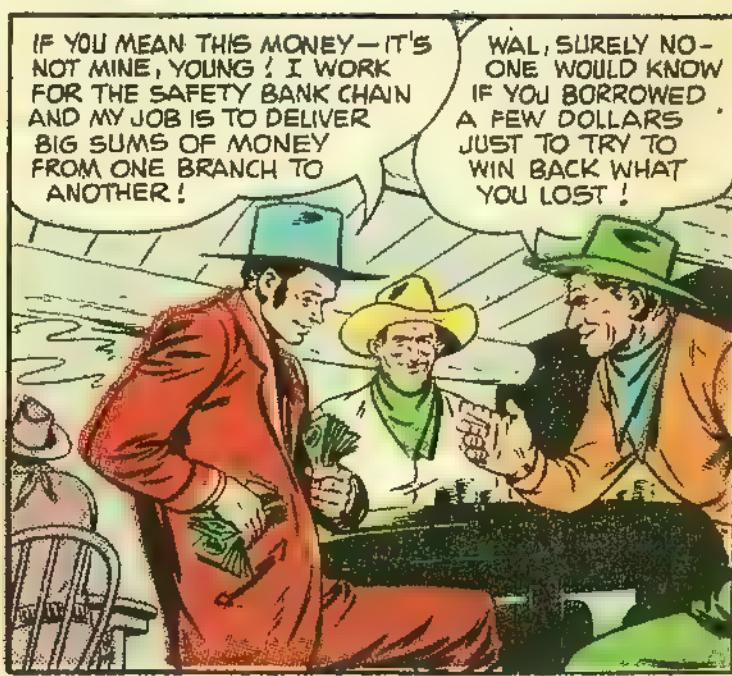
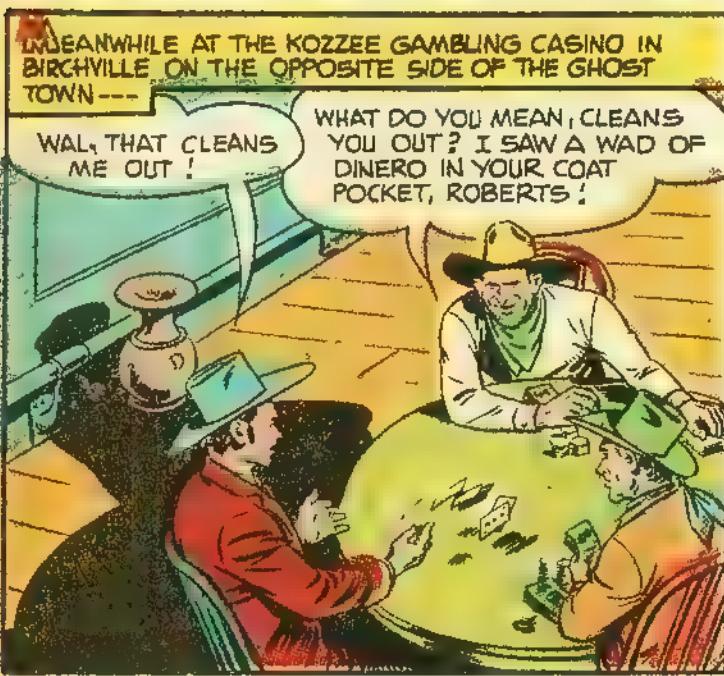
I'LL BE GLAD TO ROUND THE MAVERICKS UP FOR YOU! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE THEY WENT?

THEY PROBABLY CROSSED THE TRACKS AND HEADED FOR THAT DESERTED MINING TOWN AGAIN! THEY LIKE TO PLAY IN THE EMPTY BUILDINGS!

TOM MIX WESTERN



TOM MIX WESTERN

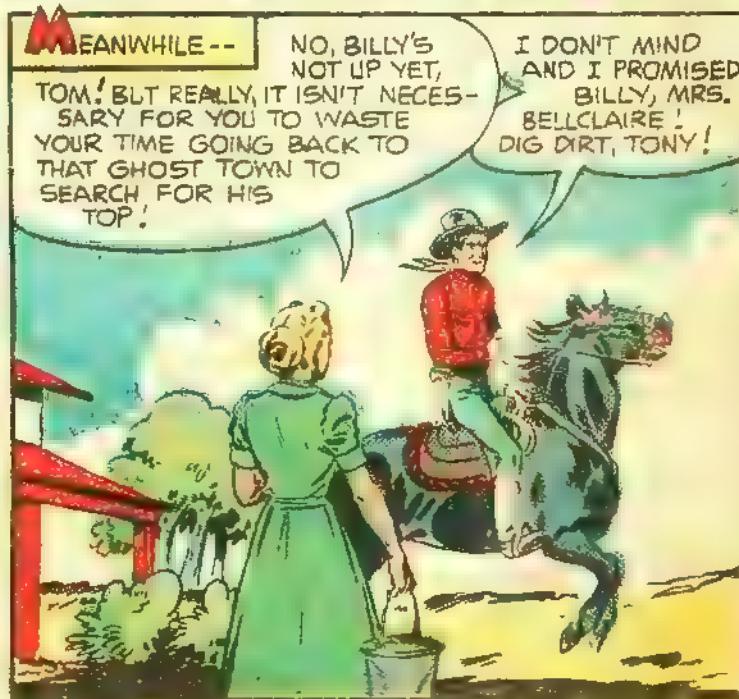
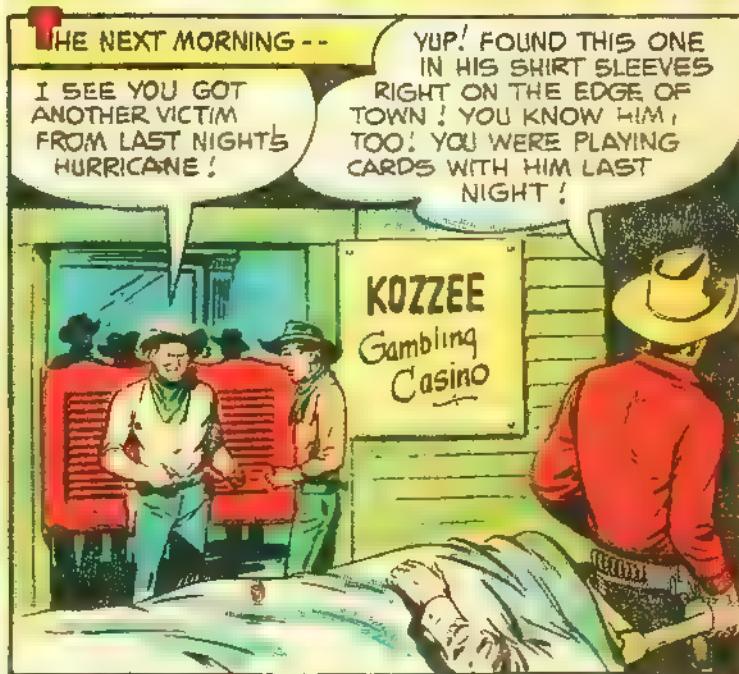
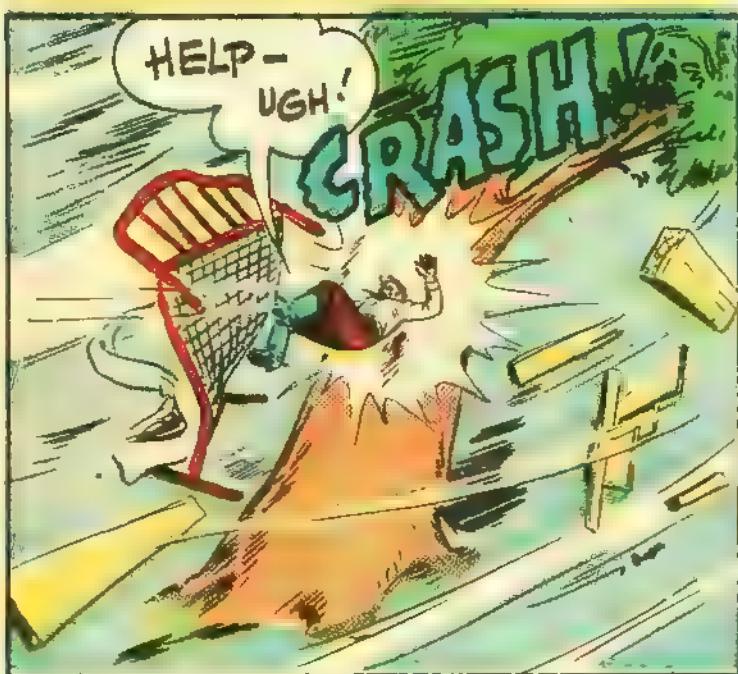


TOM MIX WESTERN

SEVERAL HOURS PASS AND THE HURRICANE CONTINUES TO GATHER MOMENTUM. SUDDENLY THE ANGRY WINDS STRIKE WITH UNMATCHED FORCE !



AND BEFORE ROBERTS CAN FIND SAFER SHELTER ---



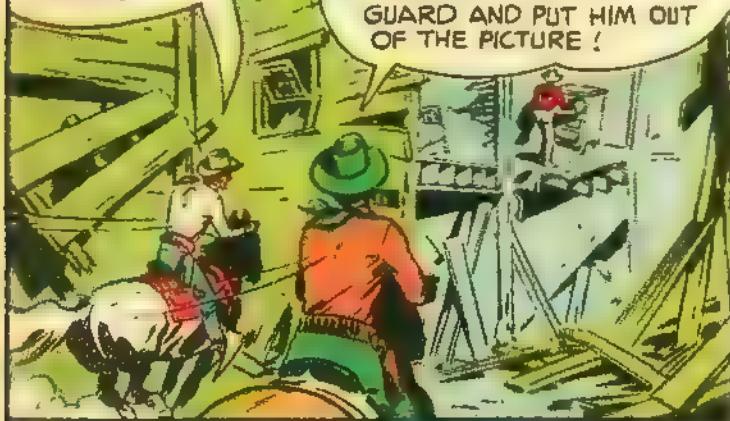
TOM MIX WESTERN

AS YOUNG AND FLETCHER REACH THE GHOST TOWN--

THE HOTEL'S STILL STANDING, BUT IT SEEMS SOMEONE ELSE KNEW ABOUT ROBERTS' MONEY AND BEAT US TO THE JOB OF SEARCHING FOR IT!

EVIDENTLY HE DIDN'T FIND IT YET, OR HE WOULDN'T BE HERE!

BUT I DON'T LIKE COMPETITION! IF WE SNEAK AROUND THE BACK WE'LL CATCH HIM OFF GUARD AND PUT HIM OUT OF THE PICTURE!



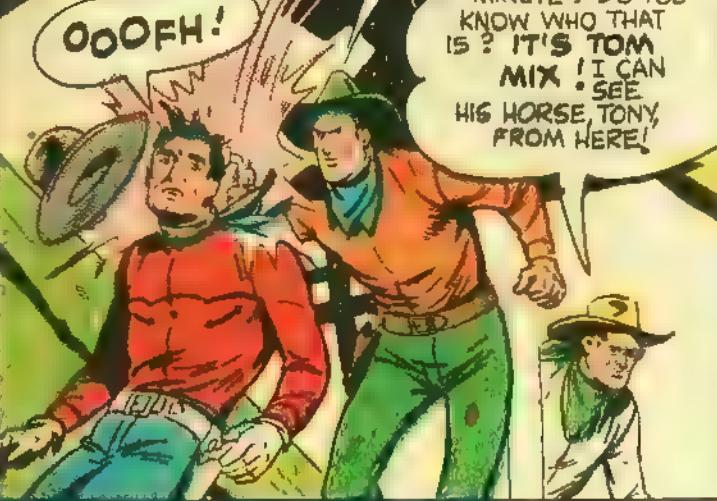
THIS BACK STAIRCASE MAKES THINGS NICE AND EASY!



CONK

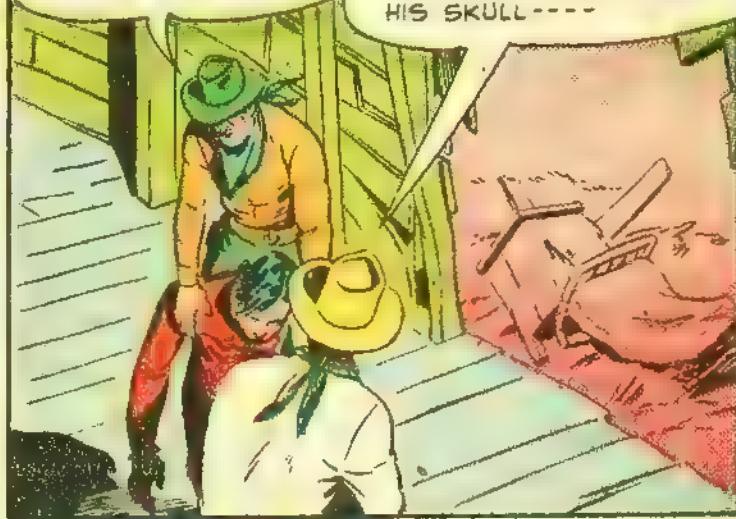
THIS VARMINT MADE IT EASY BY HAVING HIS BACK TO US, TOO!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS? IT'S TOM MIX! I CAN SEE HIS HORSE, TONY, FROM HERE!



HE NEVER CAME HERE TO GET THAT MONEY FOR HIMSELF; HE MUST BE WORKING FOR THE SAFETY CHAIN!

SO WHAT! HE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BOTHER US: COME ON, HEAVE HIM UP, YOUNG! IF THAT BLOW DIDN'T CRACK HIS SKULL----



--THIS FALL SURELY WILL!

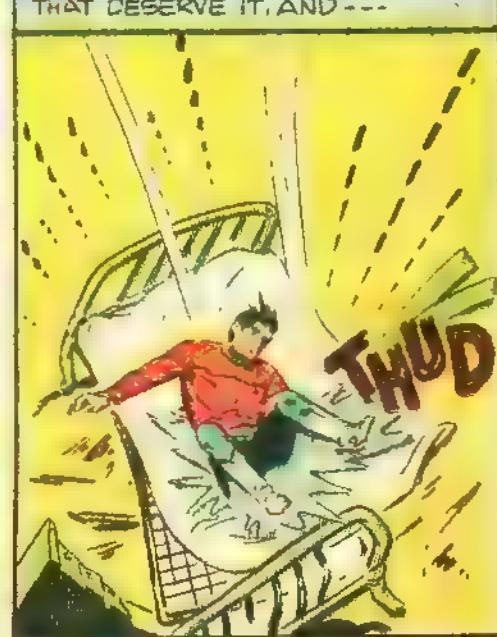


NOW LET'S START SEARCHING FOR THAT DINERO, FLETCHER!

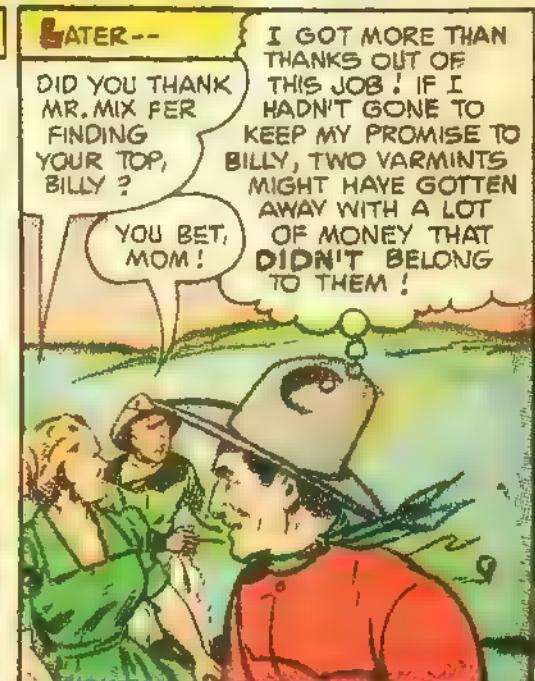
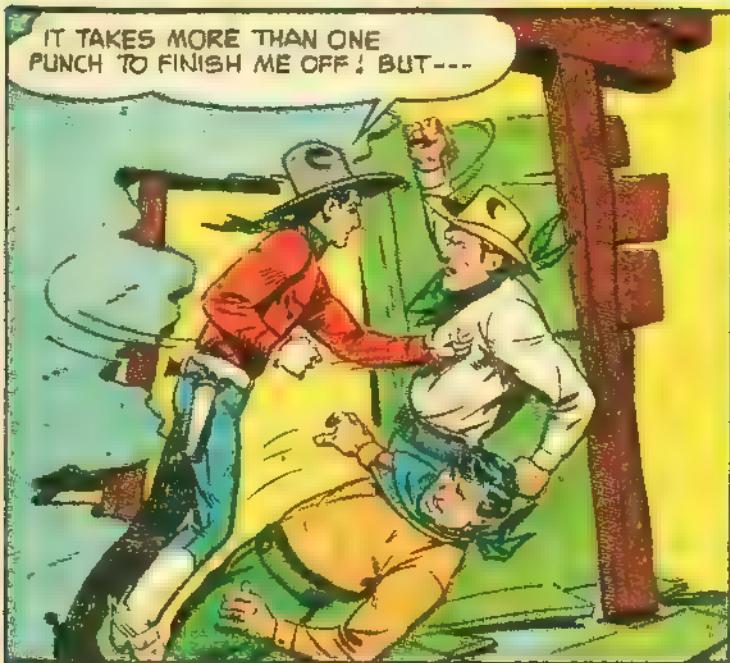
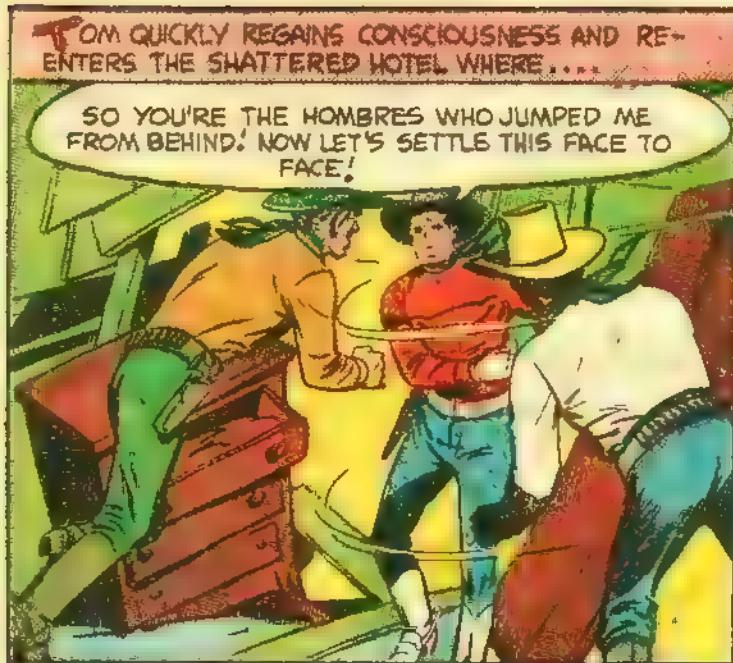


BUT LUCK RIDES WITH THOSE THAT DESERVE IT, AND----

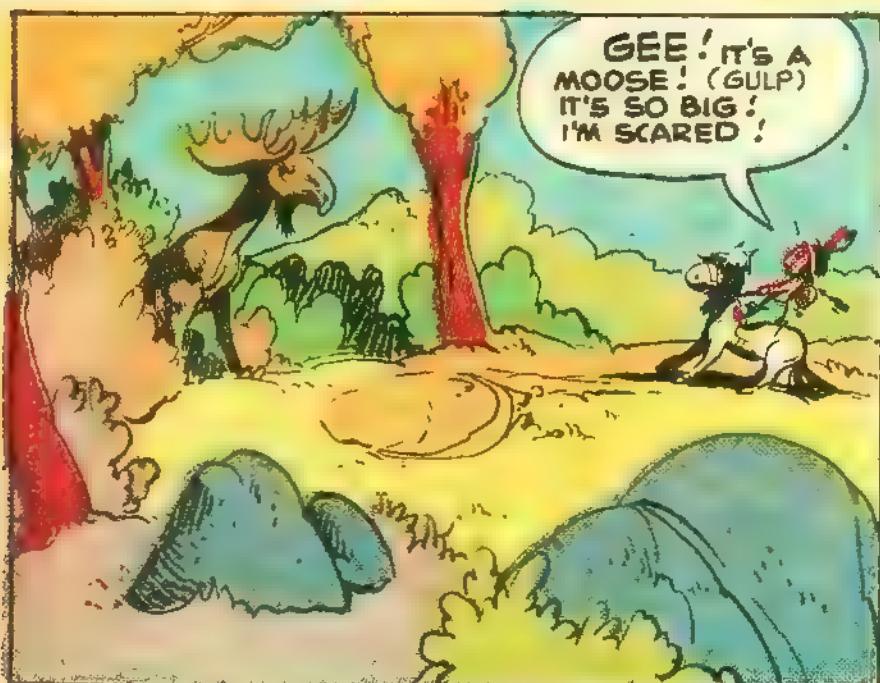
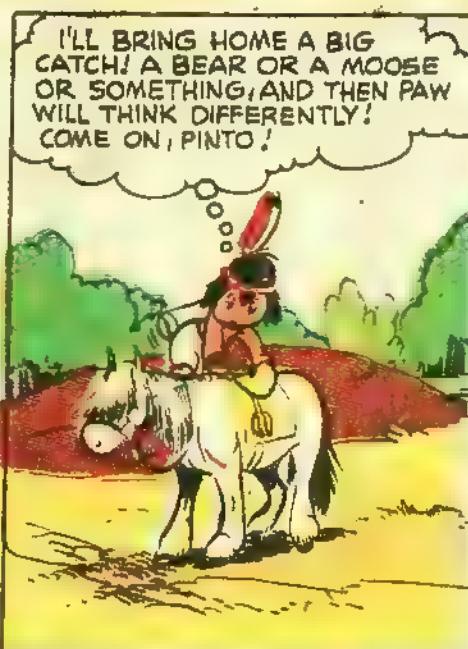
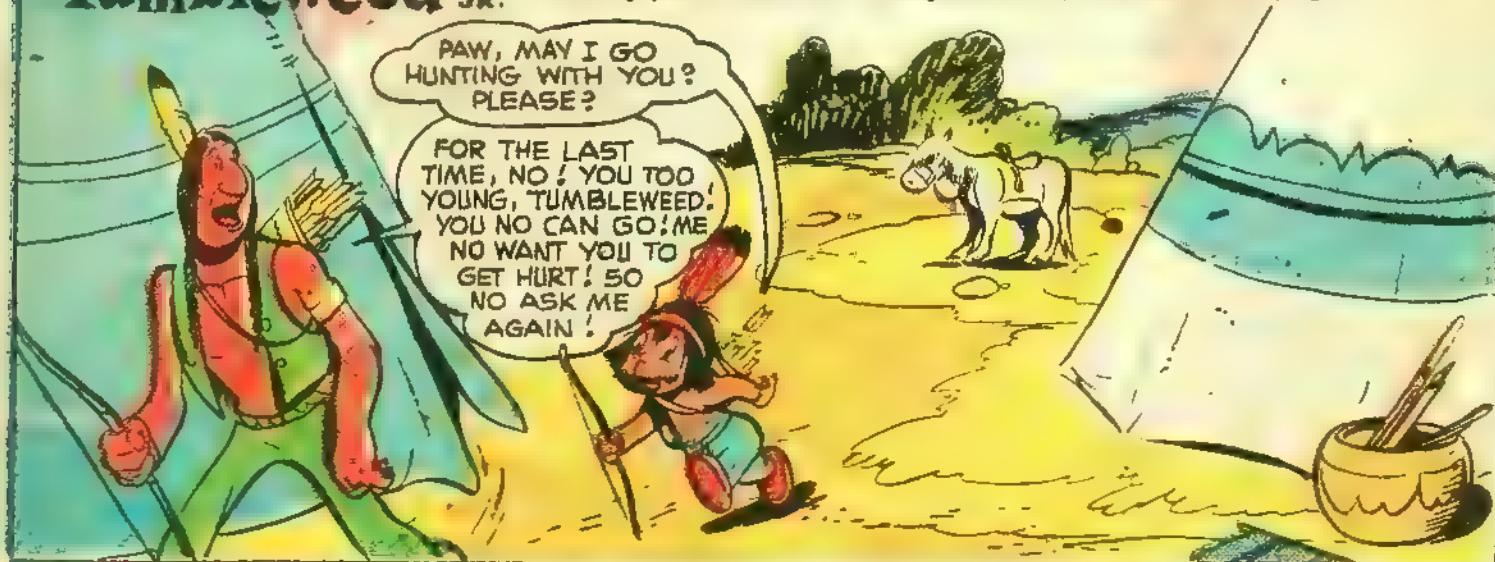
THUD



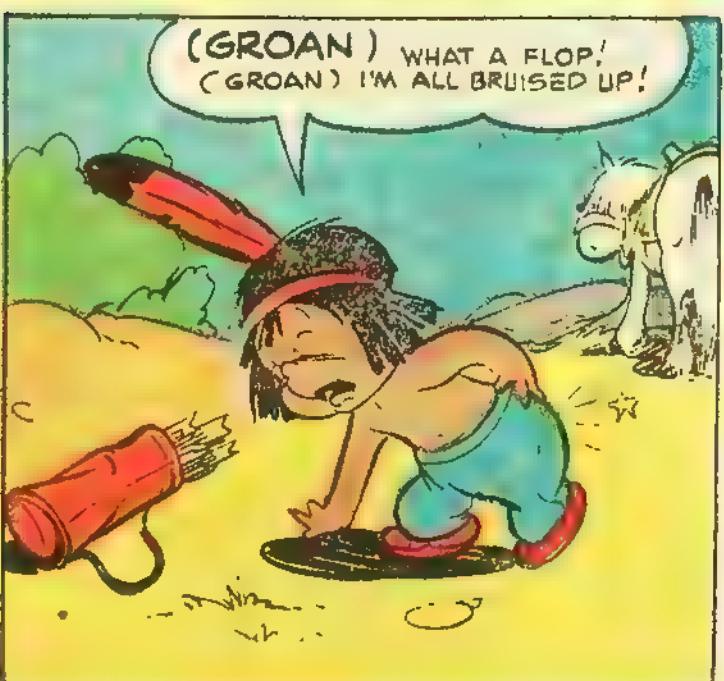
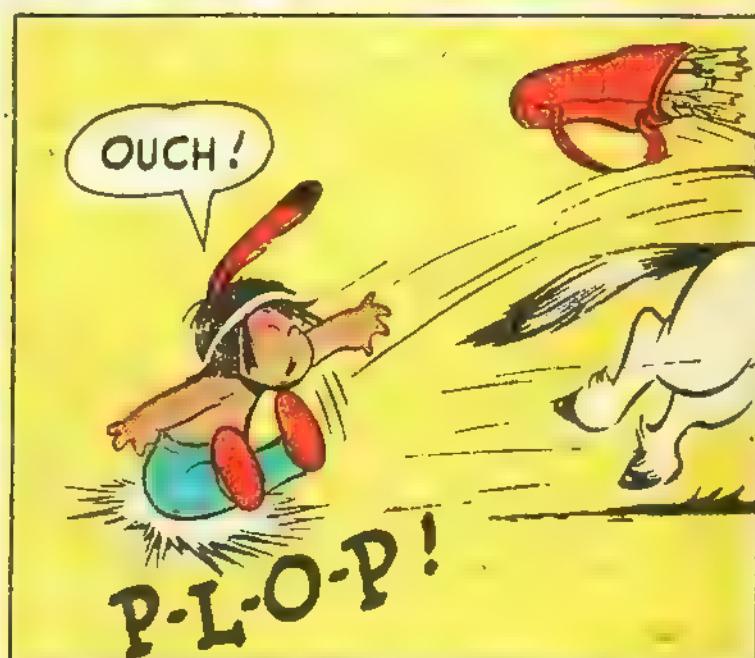
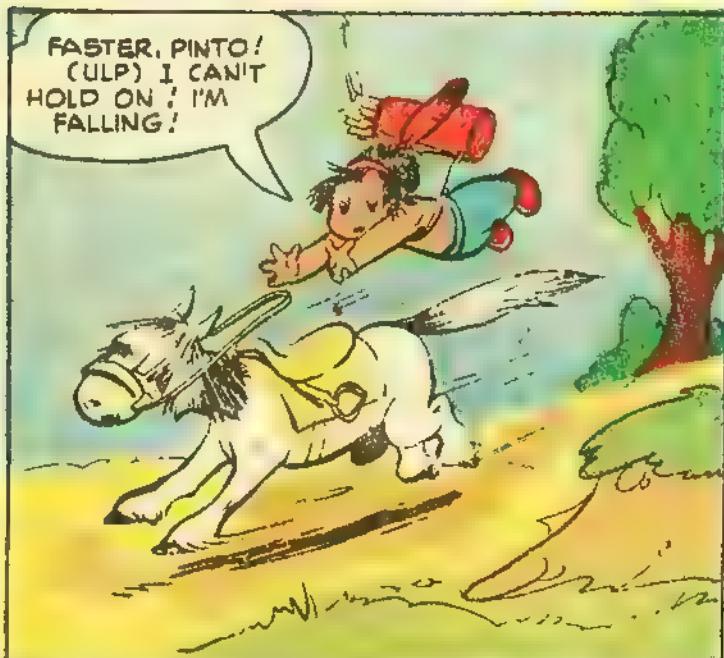
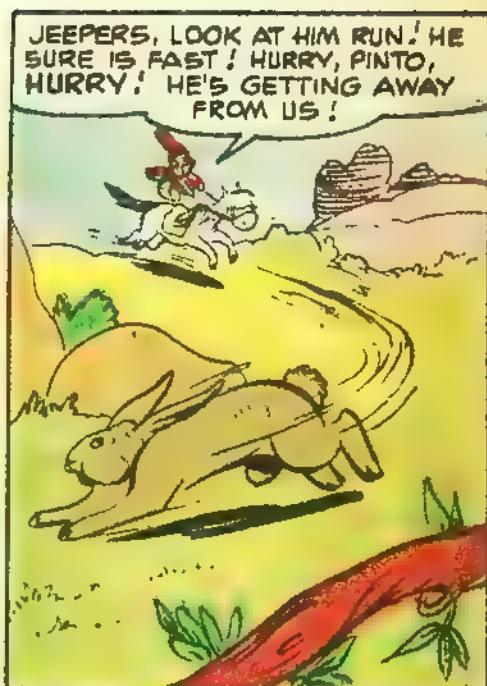
TOM MIX WESTERN



Tumbleweed, JR. in THE BIG GAME HUNTER!



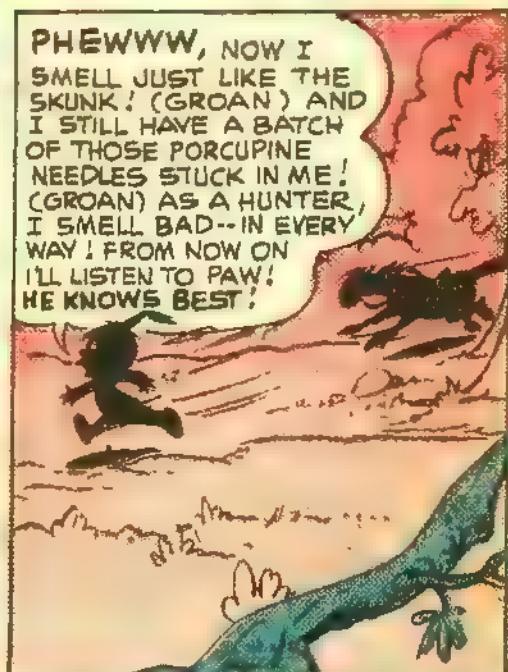
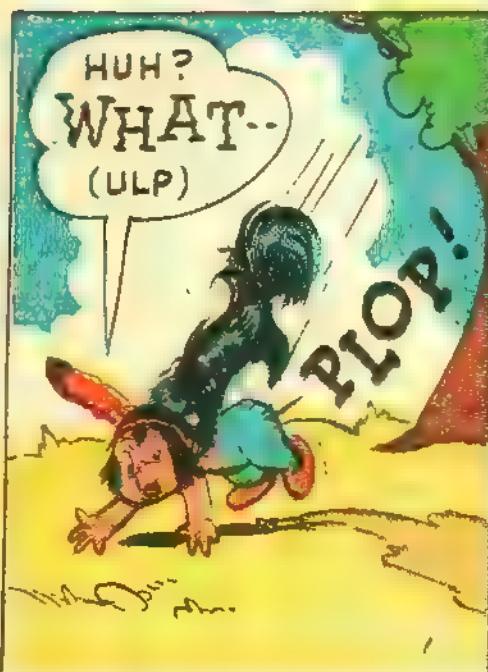
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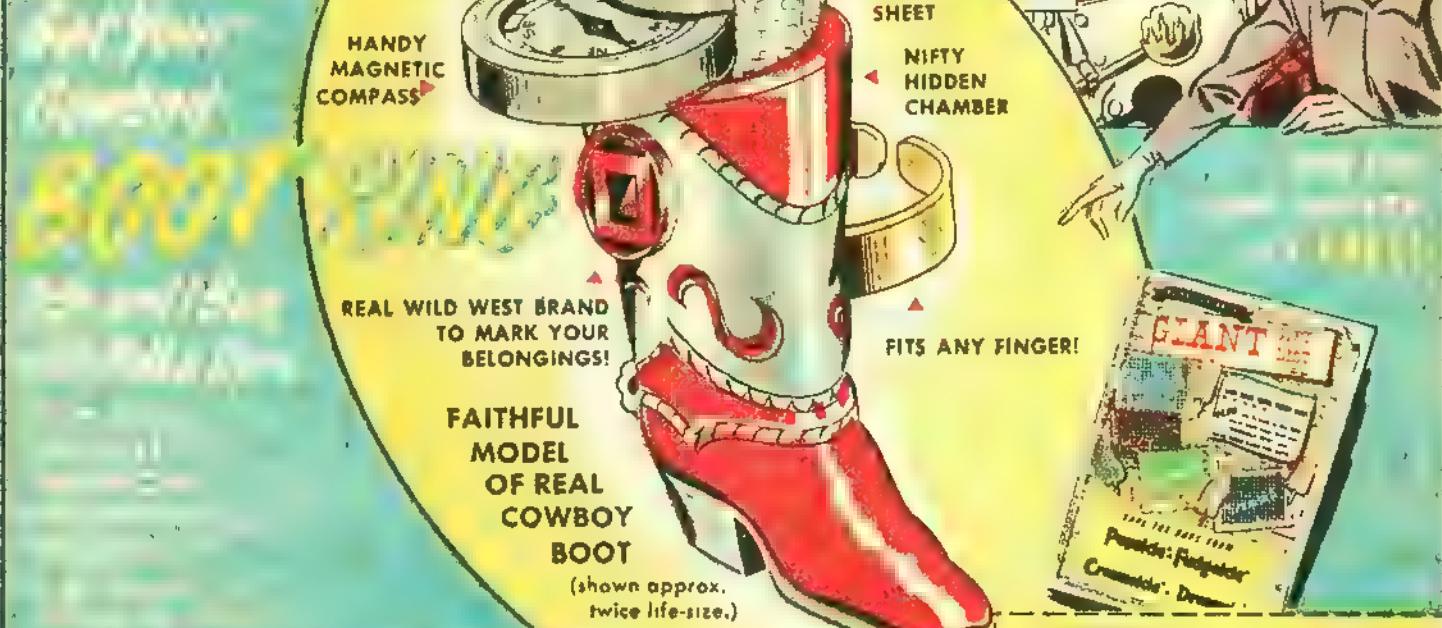
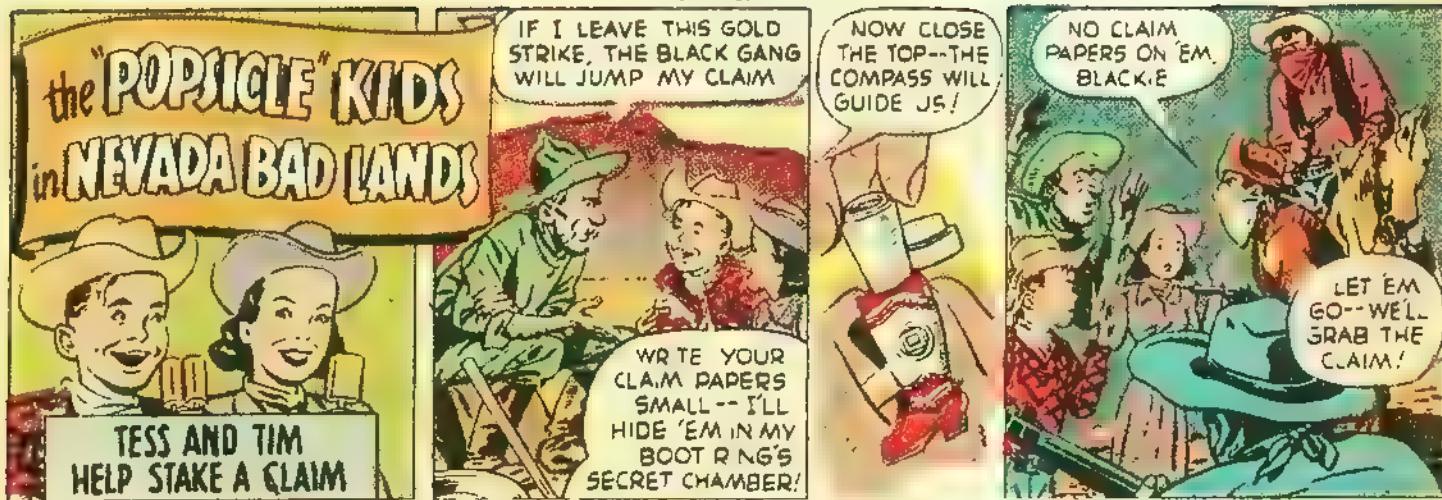


TOM MIX WESTERN



TOM MIX WESTERN







BARREL BANK



A Fightin' Forbes Story

By Walter Farmer

A TALL MAN, with broad shoulders and tapering waist, stepped into the circle of lamp light in Ma Clemenson's eatery. Everybody looked toward the door. There was something magnetic about the newcomer that attracted all eyes. "Who is that?" asked the raven-haired young man who had just been served by Ma Clemenson.

"You don't know?" asked Ma, incredulous. "Well, that's Fightin' Forbes. He edits *The Brimstone Bugle*. But you'd better not start anything with him. He's straight as a string!"

"Who says I'm not straight?" asked the young man who had his arm in a sling.

"I don't, that's for certain!" cried Ma Clemenson, eyeing the revolver the black-haired man pointed in her direction.

"Invite him to come over here!" ordered the gunman.

With no alternative, Ma complied.

When Ma Clemenson beckoned, Fightin' Forbes, the youthful editor of *The Brimstone Bugle*, responded at once. He came striding over. He was handsome and assured. He clapped his muscular arm around Ma Clemenson's shoulder and said, "Howdy, Ma! What's the news?"

Ma Clemenson ducked from under his arm and said, "You're a silly boy. This gentleman didn't even want to meet you. He thinks you might be an outlaw. But I told him you were harmless. Mr. Carmine—meet Mr. Forbes!"

Fightin' Forbes spoke to Carmine politely. Forbes saw that he had an injured arm, but he had also keenly detected the word "outlaw" in Ma Clemenson's introduction. He had a sharp mind, and realized that Ma Clemenson had been trying to tell him something.

Forbes knew that something was likely to pop and he would have to play along with Carmine until he found out what the game

was. Meanwhile, Carmine had his gun handy, well-hidden by the arm sling but within easy reach.

Forbes had his back to the door when two masked men appeared at the door. The masked men ordered Ma Clemenson to give them her money.

In a flash, Forbes remembered that his friend, Ma, had never believed in banks. She had kept all her earnings hidden in the little restaurant. And in the same instant he felt Carmine jab a pistol against his ribs. Ma had warned him, yet he had been caught off guard.

Forbes leaned back with his hands high over his head as ordered by the gunmen. He said, "Well, Ma, they're going to take away all your money, but at least I have a story for my paper!"

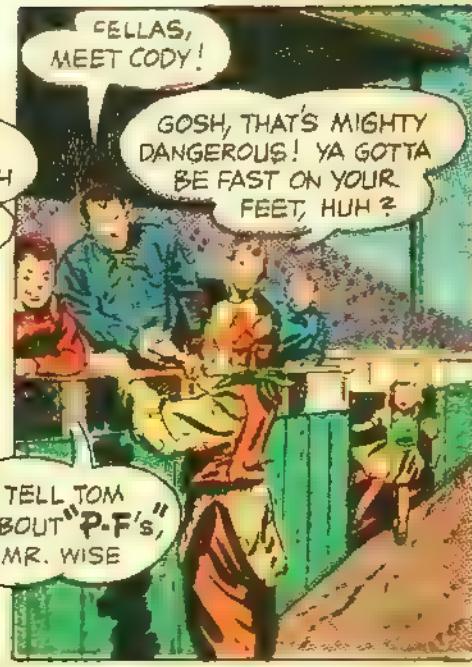
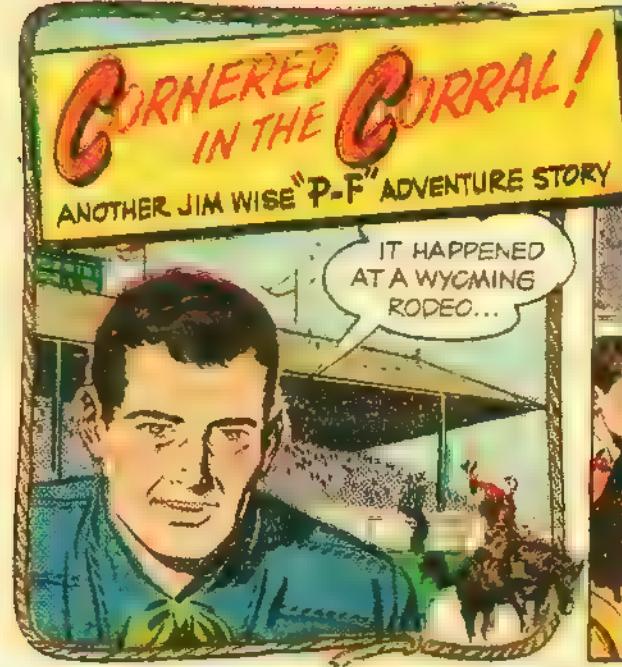
Ma Clemenson, being faced by a hostile gun, turned her head very slowly and gave Forbes a frown.

Fightin' Forbes seemed so calm that Carmine could not understand it. Suddenly, Forbes lashed out his left arm and smashed Carmine's pistol from his hand. The gun clattered to the floor. He dived forward and cracked the leading gunman in the jaw.

Instinctively, the man squeezed the triggers of his two pistols and that caused his companion to dive to the floor. Forbes plunged ahead blindly, smashing his fists right and left. One of the men escaped out the front door, the other sprawled groggily on the floor, begging for mercy.

In the excitement, Carmine had snatched his gun from the floor. He stood now, pointing the pistol at Fightin' Forbes' back. "All right, Forbes, you're finished!" he exclaimed.

But Ma Clemenson had a big horse pistol pointed at Carmine as she cried, "No, Carmine, you're finished! Drop the gun!"



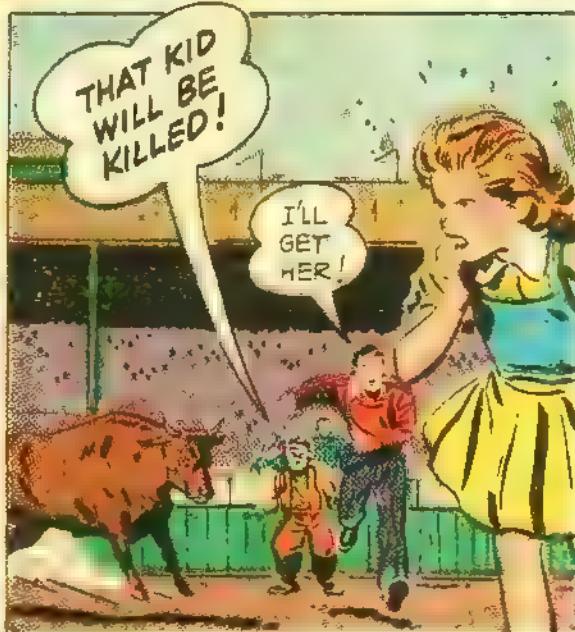
JIM WISE TELLS WHY
"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
HELP YOU GO FULL
SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT
"P-F" RIGID WEDGE
HELPS KEEP THE 3
MAIN SUPPORTING
BONES OF THE
NORMAL FOOT
IN PROPER
POSITION.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS
POSTURE FOUNDATION



1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE



TOM MIX WESTERN

Carmine dropped the gun and Ma Clemenson began tieing him with stout rope Forbes had moved forward meanwhile, to the unconscious gunman. He bound him up swiftly. He had the last knot tied when a shot whistled past his ear.

The other gunslinger, who had fled through the front door, had sneaked around back and come in a kitchen window. He now had the drop on Forbes and Ma Clemenson. Once more, Forbes and Ma had no choice but to raise their hands. "Quick! Tell us where your money's hidden!" the gunslinger ordered.

"Never!" said Ma.

"I'll gun you down!" threatened the man.

"You're going about that the wrong way, Shorty," asserted Carmine, an evil smile on his lips. "Let me talk to her. Listen Ma, if you don't tell where that hoard is cached before I count five, I aim to put a bullet right through the forehead of your handsome editor. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"Heavens, no! Why Forbes is like a son to me."

"He's bluffing. Don't tell him, Ma!" Forbes urged.

"Try me and see if I'm bluffing," sneered Carmine. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ."

"It's hidden in the flour barrel!" screamed Ma Clemenson.

The third outlaw, wriggling and twisting to free himself from the ropes, had been yelling for his confederates to free him, but both were too excited over the prospect of the loot to pay any attention to him. The man—Shorty—made a dash toward the flour barrel, saying, "You keep them covered, Carmine. I'll get it."

But Carmine, greedy as he, was also making a move toward the flour barrel, telling Shorty to do the covering. In the split second that their attention was diverted from him, Forbes moved. In one leap he was across the floor. He gave Shorty one shove and sent the man headfirst into the half-filled barrel of flour. Then he ducked behind the barrel, tipped it quickly, and rolled it with its human cargo kicking and gasping, straight at Carmine. The

rolling barrel spilled him and he dropped the gun.

Once again Fightin' Forbes had the upper hand, and this time he was determined not to relinquish it. He swiftly bound Carmine and Shorty and propped them against the wall with the other member of their outlaw team.

"They'll keep all right, Ma," he said, "but just keep an eye on them to be sure, while I meander down to notify the sheriff."

"I'll watch them," said Ma, beaming. "By the way, this will make a right good news story for your paper, Fightin'. Though I suppose that as usual you'll be too modest to tell what you did. I reckon people will have to come to me to get the straight of it."

"It'll make a news story, all right," grinned Forbes, "and it will also be the subject of an editorial I'm going to write. This editorial will point out how foolish it is for a citizen to hide her life's savings in a flour barrel when there's a good, strong bank in town."

"Now wait a minute! Don't lecture me, young man!" cried Ma. "Suppose when that Carmine asked where my money was I'd have said it was in the bank. What then?"

"He'd have called you a liar, most likely," said Forbes.

"Yes, and he'd have put a bullet right through your head."

"Most likely!" agreed Forbes. "You did save my life."

"And now, Mr. Smarty, run your long arm into that flour barrel and see what you find," Ma instructed.

FORBES set the barrel up, reached in, groped and looked up, puzzled. "There's nothing in this barrel but flour."

"Of course!" said Ma, smiling smugly. "I put the money in the bank this afternoon. Add that to your editorial!"

THE END

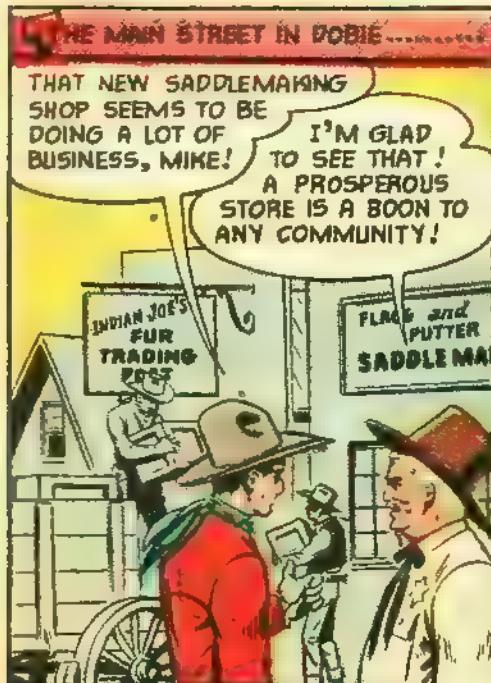
Don't miss the exciting adventures of
FIGHTIN' FORBES every month in
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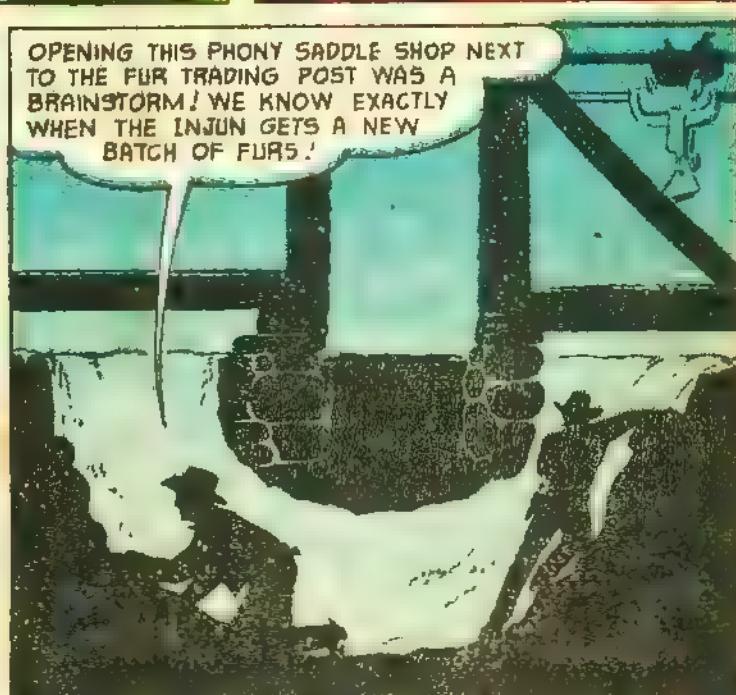
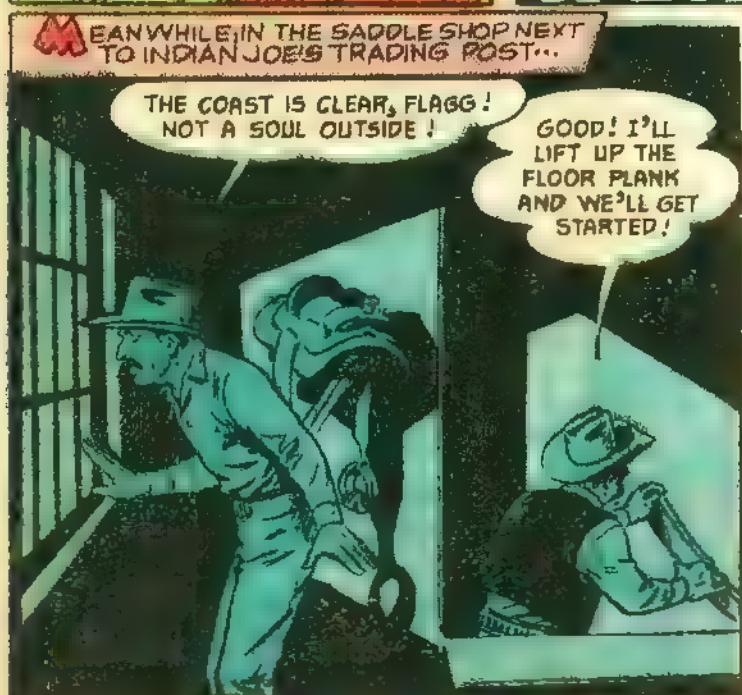
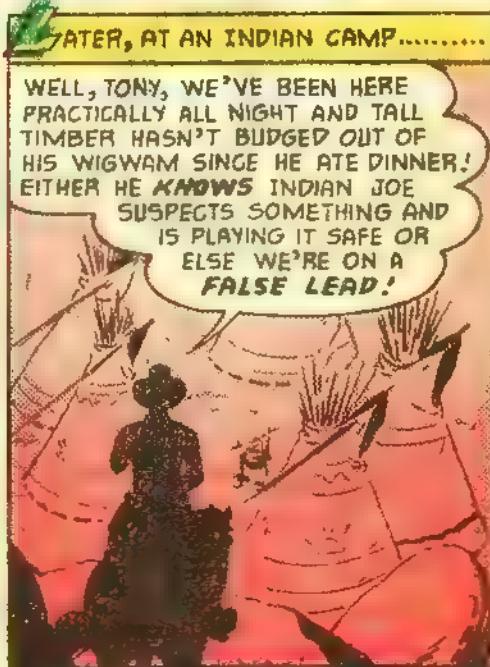
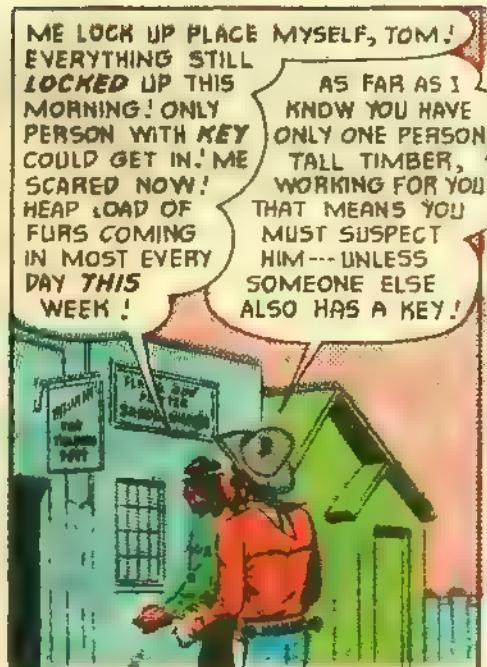
THE VANISHING SKINS!



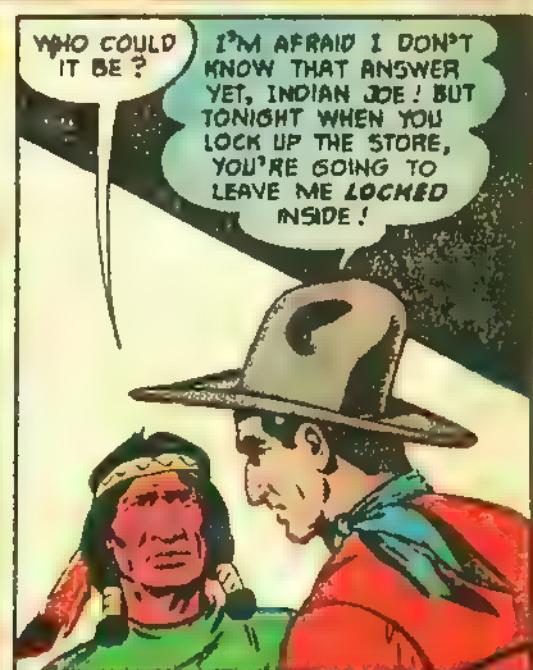
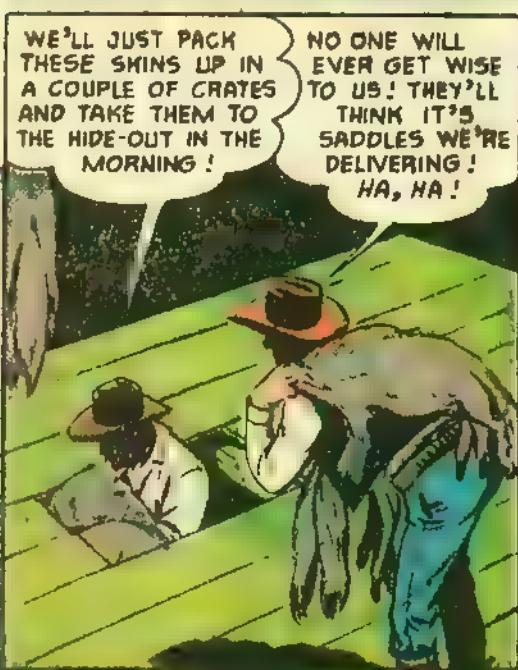
What is the key mystery behind the theft of the expensive fur pelts?? How did the thieves manage to gain entrance into the Trading Post that was securely locked against entrance?? TOM MIX finds himself cornered and facing certain DEATH when he probes into the baffling case of **THE VANISHING SKINS!**



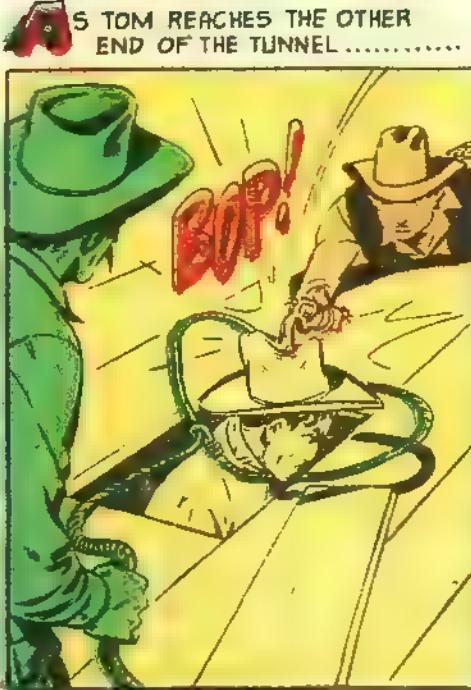
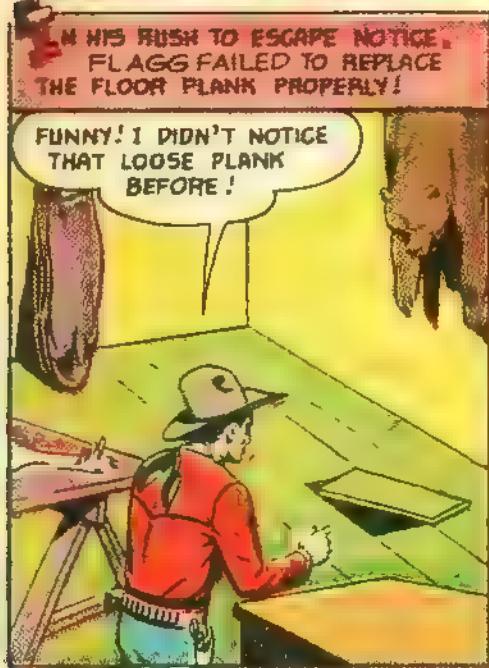
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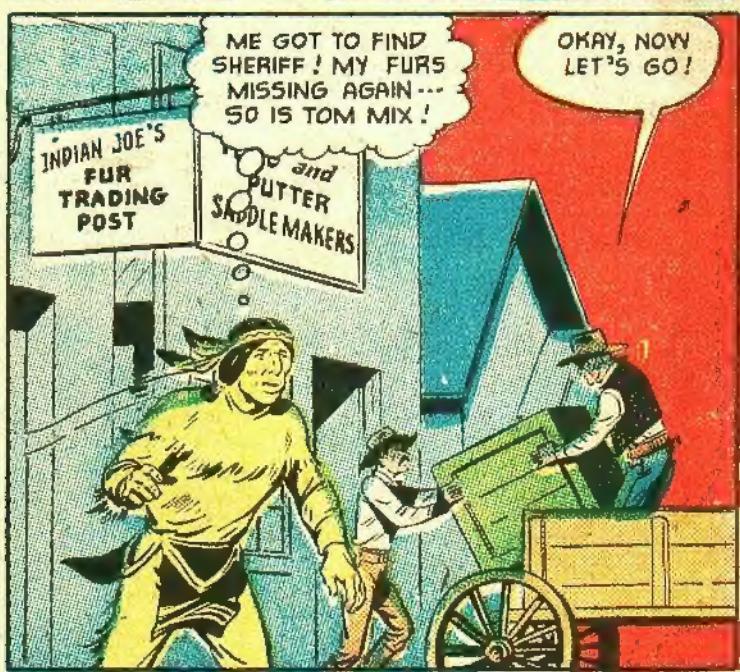
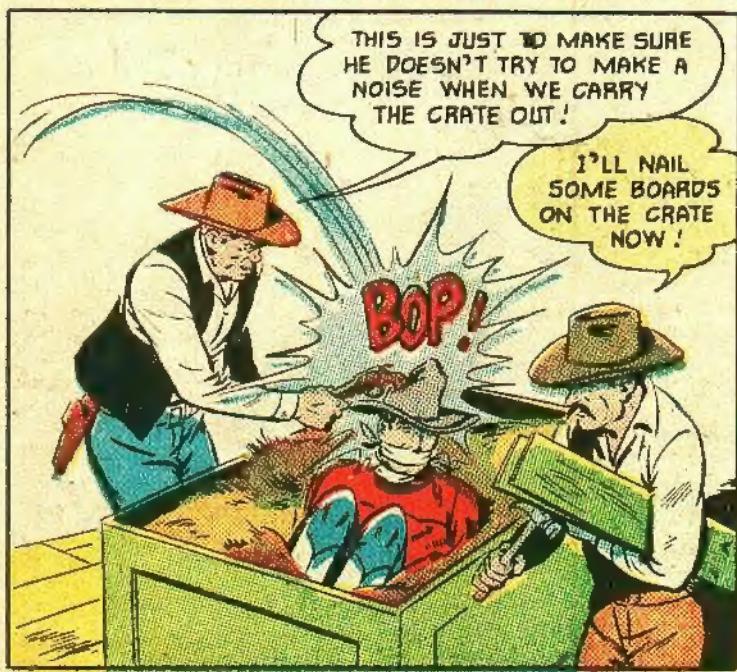
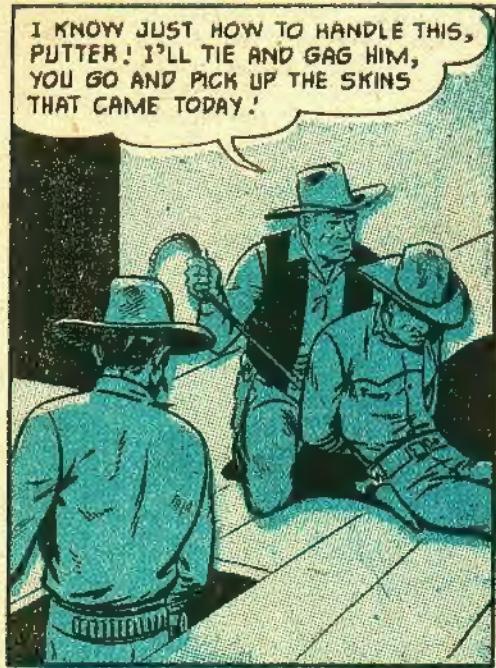
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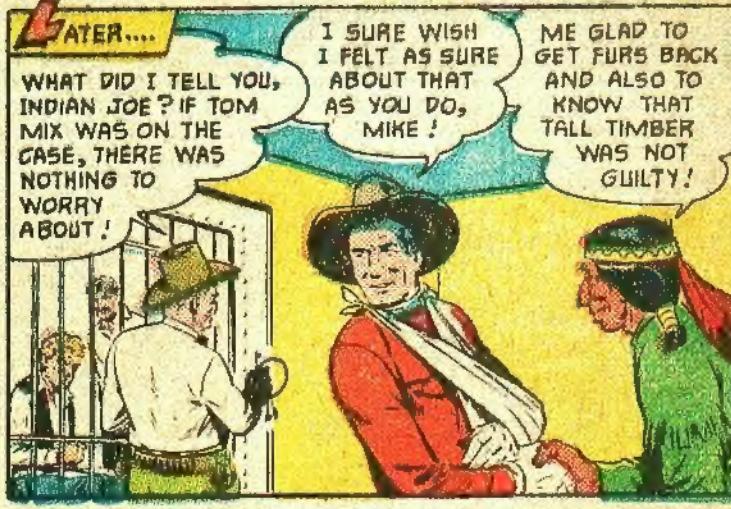
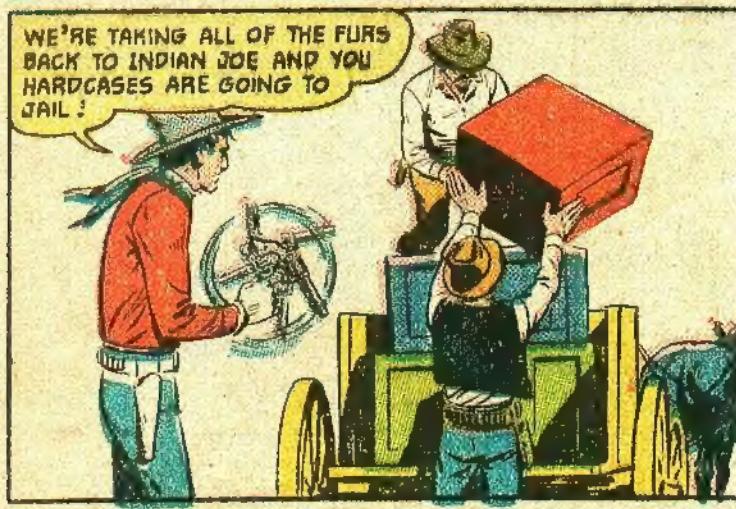
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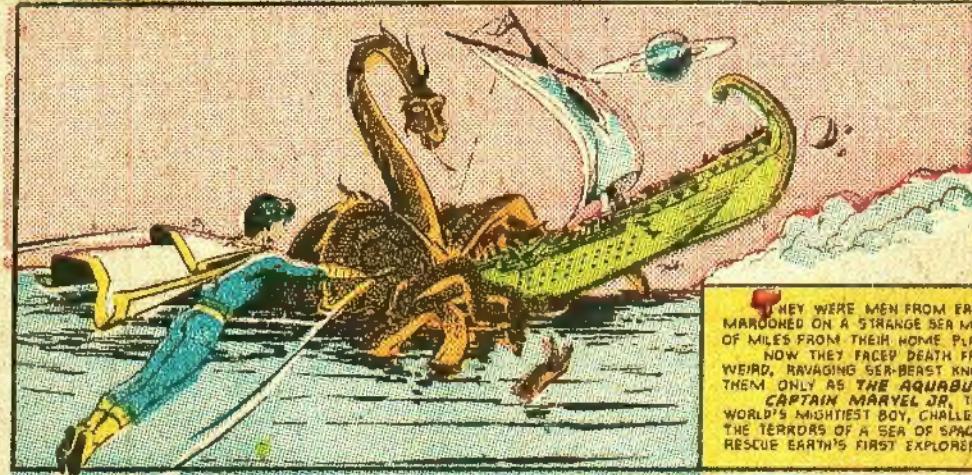
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